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THE MONTH

DECEMBER 1956

THE REPRIEVE

RONALD A. KNOX

GHOSTLY HAUNTS AND APPARITIONS

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CHATTO AND WINDUS

THE REPRIEVE

By

RONALD A. KNOX

“**W**HEN you people talk about force, you always mean bloodshed.”

They had been lured, as if by the attraction of their surroundings, into the age-long topical debate over the rights and wrongs of war; five men of some learning and of some note gathered in a scientist's study within manageable distance of Oxford. They had met for business purposes, to discuss heaven knows what matter of public importance, a bachelor party. The closed windows of a winter evening let in no sound that was not peaceful; it was a spot mercifully remote from aerodromes. But you could not forget the silent menace of the great experimental station which nestled, all too discreetly, behind barbed-wire entanglements a few miles away. Their host claimed a high position in its management; and besides, their business talk had been in some degree connected with it. It presided like a great minster over these quiet country lanes, an obscene amplifier of destruction. Not that their host, Bernard Muldoon, had anything of the hierophant about him. A typical matter-of-fact Irishman, he was one of the two dozen nuclear physicists who really counted. At the moment—for he was a Cambridge man, and had a Cambridge guest staying in his house—he was brewing tea. The three others, after the fashion of the older university, were taking “one for the road” before the party broke up.

“You don't really disapprove of force,” insisted Bulkington. He was a Member of Parliament, too doctrinaire in his opinions to have any political future, but much reported in the newspapers. “When a lot of work-people go on strike, they are using force, just as much as if they were throwing bottles.”

“You might call it *vis inertiae*, perhaps,” suggested the Keble don. There is always somebody who threatens to sabotage an earnest discussion with untimely playfulness.

“Oh, but if you'll excuse me saying so, that's nonsense,”

objected Bytham, the only philosopher present; he prided himself, as philosophers do, on preserving the courtesies of debate. "If a man's a free labourer, it's up to him whether he gets up on any given morning, or stays in bed. That's not using force, surely."

"Jesuitry, my dear sir, Jesuitry." Bulkington waved a deprecating hand, as if to soften the bitterness of the rebuke. "Because one man has a right to stay away from the works one morning, it doesn't follow that 2,000 men have a right to conspire, and stay away for a month. Besides, when things get really heated up, your strikers aren't content to lie in bed; they go and lie down on the permanent way, to prevent the trains going; I suppose you'd say that a man has a right to lie down wherever he likes? Or these mass movements of unarmed people from a big country into a small one; would you say that those don't constitute a forcible entry? You think it's all right if there are no blows struck in anger; short of that, you tolerate any amount of bullying—that's what I complain of."

Bytham sucked at his pipe, with a wrinkled brow. "I'd very much like," he said, "to hear what your definition of force is."

"Surely that's simple? Surely in this context force means preventing other people from doing what they want to, without persuading them to stop wanting it. That, after all, is what the police do, and that is what your international police force will do when it gets going. It will travel round the place locking up the visionaries and the patriots, or deporting them; the poets, too, and a good few of the scientists, if it's properly run. But always using force, and always with the danger of force being used to resist it. Perhaps we shan't have bloodshed, but we shall have sanctions and embargoes which will starve and freeze innocent people just the same. Now, I'm not saying that all that may not be better than the mess we're in. I only say it's mere hypocrisy to pretend that all that is the Sermon on the Mount plus Tolstoy plus the millennium. We shall still be resisting evil, and resisting it by force. That's all my contention, and I don't believe there's a man alive who wouldn't, if it came to the point, use force in my sense."

The challenge was taken up from an unexpected angle. John Masbury, the Cambridge visitor who had accepted Muldoon's hospitality for the night, was a man of silent habit, and had sat nursing his cup of tea rather abstractedly while the argument proceeded. Now, with a sharp turn of the head, as if he had

suddenly been recalled from wool-gathering, he said, "Excuse me, I'm afraid I must enter a protest there. Not of course, that I or any other man has the right to say, with confidence, that in such and such given circumstances he would do this or that. The unexpected moment always takes us at a disadvantage. But as a matter of theory, if you should ask me what I would *like* my attitude to be under strong provocation, let me say that I do not believe in the use of force in any sense, in any circumstances. I was brought up among the Society of Friends, and although my thought has travelled a good deal since boyhood days, their habit of mind is still strong in me. It does take a man that way sometimes—I feel I am like an old wine that has lost its body, but retains its character. But there, I don't know why I should treat you to an autobiography. I only want to assure Mr. Bulkington that he can put his lantern away; he has found the man he is looking for. I cannot imagine any circumstances in which I believe that it would be my duty to prevent another man from doing what he wants to do, unless (I must thank Mr. Bulkington for that phrase) I could persuade him to stop wanting it."

No ally is more unwelcome, to a man of precise thought, than the ally who overstates the case, and lays the truth open to caricature. "No, no," said Bytham, "that won't do. Never fall back on the last ditch when you're pressed in an argument; you'll only be smoked out of it; keep your liberty of manoeuvre. Life isn't just a chess board marked out in squares of right and wrong—that was Kant's mistake. Let me put it to you that if you went into the street and found a man ill-treating a child, say, you'd *have* to interfere. I don't just say that you *would* interfere because your blood was up; you'd approve of yourself for interfering. And you'd approve of the act of interference here and now, if the scene were vividly present to your mind, instead of being a mere imaginary case. You must meet force with force, sometimes."

"I'm grateful to you for the warning," said Masbury. "But quite honestly, I don't agree. Of course, I would remonstrate, with whatever powers of argument I could summon up. But if I came to blows with the man, and got the better of it, it would be a mistake to think that I had taught him (as they say) a lesson. I should only have fortified him in his belief that might is right; that bullying pays, but only when you can get away with it. I

know you will think me a coward, but I cannot help that. I am only speaking for a profound conviction in my own mind. Most people will disagree with me, but it is the best light I have."

There was an embarrassed pause, such as always greets an unexpected outburst of sincerity. Then the Keble don said, in a flat voice, "You could go and fetch a policeman."

"Yes," replied Masbury, "I could go and fetch a policeman. And he would say 'Ere, what's all this?' and make us all move on, telling the man to be careful, and recommending the child to go to bed. But the man in the street—I mean, this particular man in this particular street—wouldn't go away with the impression that eternal justice had been vindicated. He would feel—quite rightly—that the blasted bobbies had been interfering, as the blasted bobbies always do. And I am so afraid that it will be just the same with the international police force which is going to abolish the necessity of war. To the fanatical patriot, to the doctrinaire revolutionary, it will only be a set of blasted bobbies. It will represent the interests of the comfortable, top-dog nations who have got everything their own way, and don't bother about justice or peace or ideals of any sort, but are simply out to avoid unpleasantness. And because they use force to avoid unpleasantness, these patriots and revolutionaries will oppose them by force, whenever and wherever they get the chance. There may be less bloodshed, but the reign of force will go on."

Muldoon, who had been brooding comfortably over his teacup, looked up at this point and joined in. "And would you have said all that," he suggested, "about Hitler?"

"Certainly. You haven't taught the next Hitler that force doesn't pay. You've only taught him to be more careful. You can't really defeat force by superior force, only by abjuring the use of force. The Indians may, possibly, have got the hang of the thing; but I don't know—I don't trust the Indians. You mustn't, please, think that I'm laying down the law; I'm only trying to explain the rule I live by myself, and hope to live by in any circumstances that may arise."

"That's very interesting," said Muldoon. He had the air, somehow, of a man who has had a great weight taken off his mind.

"Interesting is hardly the word," said Bytham. "But I'm

afraid I can't stay to finish the argument. I'm still running my car in, and I've got to get back to Oxford. Don't bother to come out."

But inevitably his leave-taking was the signal for the breaking up of the charmed circle. The dinner-guests, with sincere expressions of gratitude—for they had dined well—hunched themselves into their overcoats and went out into the night. It was the moment when women retire, and talk to one another in their bedrooms, but men sit on over the embers of a discussion. Muldoon, reaching out for a new pipe as if to exorcise the thought of bedtime, went on where they had left off. "Have I got you right?" he asked. "Is there no situation in which you would be prepared to interfere with another man's liberty of action?"

"None, I think, unless he were hopelessly drunk, or demonstrably insane."

"You would not interfere even vicariously? I mean, of course, by mentioning the matter to other people who did not share these scruples of yours?"

"Certainly not; a man should have the courage of his convictions. I would only do what I could by offering advice."

"Exactly, and it's advice I want. Only I didn't see, till this evening, how I was to get it. Very odd."

"When I advise people, they always do the opposite, and they are nearly always right."

"Well, perhaps not advice exactly. I want to talk to somebody; I've got tired of bottling things up. Let me tell you a little about my work here—not much, because we aren't encouraged to talk about it. In our job, as everybody knows, the point isn't simply to find out how much we can make atomic power do, but how we can prevent it doing too much. Devising safeguards is almost as important as anything else."

"You mean lateral fission?"

"That and other things. That's what my team is working on—safeguards generally; but in particular we've got to worry about the chances of a chain-reaction, which would—well, it would make the habitable globe uninhabitable."

"It sounds a bit of a responsibility."

"I wonder if you see that it's a responsibility *both ways*?"

"Both ways? All I meant was that it's up to you to see that the world goes on."

"Ah, but that's looking on the scientist merely as a maid-of-all-work, a paid official. In the modern world, the scientist is something more than that. He wields power; he makes decisions. And it's not merely up to me to see that the world goes on. It's up to me to decide whether the world shall go on or not."

Sometimes the unexpected, instead of paralysing our faculties, seems to liberate a whole tangle of ideas all at once. *Can* a man look so calm, talk so naturally, and be a lunatic? Is he mad? And is he *demonstrably* mad? I did say *demonstrably*, didn't I? But who is to demonstrate it? And to whose satisfaction? All these questions flared up in Masbury's mind as if simultaneously. Meanwhile, it was a vanity of his never to show surprise. "You were thinking, then," he asked, "of race suicide?"

"How well you put these things! You see my difficulty. In a matter of such importance, you want to take a second opinion, but you don't want to wake up and find yourself in Broadmoor. Tonight's conversation has given me, quite unexpectedly, the perfect confidant. I know that I can talk to you without reserve. Well, there it is. To be or not to be—the suicide has to make up his mind whether life is worth living *for him*. I have got to make up my mind whether, taken by long and large, by an overall count, it is worth living for anybody. I have completed a technique—pardon me if I do not explain its precise nature—which could put the world out of its misery tomorrow."

"I see your point. Only I don't quite see why people shouldn't decide the thing for themselves, individually. The bare bodkin, you know, and hey presto!—for *this* man all the miseries of the world are nothing. Couldn't you leave it to the individual?"

"You talk as if we were living fifty years ago. Surely you must realise that in this Plastic Age our instinct is always to save trouble; everything must be laid on. We shelve responsibility, not asking what is good, or what is worth while. We conform to the pitiless structure of the world about us, carried off by the same groaning trains to do the same dull work in the same mechanised office buildings. Even our pleasures have to be mass-produced; the dreadful chumminess of the holiday camp, the smirking joviality of the wireless people! No, in the world today there is nothing for it but a mass-produced, labour-saving death."

"Labour-saving, yes; there is no doubt it would straighten out

our affairs. But what about saving pain? Isn't it going to be a rather uncomfortable form of release, for some people?"

Muldoon shrugged his shoulders with a tolerant smile. "There are always these inequalities," he said. "And, after all, those who suffer will be suffering for the future—the non-future, if you will—of humanity. Who knows, as yet, what miseries atomic energy is going to cost the human race, by the impoverishment of its stock? No, you won't influence my judgment by talking to me about human tragedies. Tragedy only exists in the minds of those who survive it, and this time there will be no survivors. What I want to hear from you—or don't want to hear, I wish I could be sure which—is some philosophical proof that the whole order of things, animal, vegetable, mineral, is best left alone."

"It's not very easy, is it? What it all boils down to is whether life is worth living. Mallock put that question at the end of last century, and nobody tried to answer it, except Alfred Austin, with that terribly bad poem about England's trident-sceptre roaming her territorial seas. You can't really argue whether existence is or isn't fun, because you have nothing to compare it with. You can only compare it with non-existence, which is nothing; so the whole debate becomes meaningless."

"Admirable. I was afraid you were going to sentimentalise; about sunsets and first love and all that. But when you put it like that, it's obvious at once that I can't be expected to consult the wishes of the unborn. It really begins to look as if I could go ahead."

"Ah, but wait a moment. I was going to say, even if you can't decide whether it's *fun* to go on existing, you've still got to ask whether it's our *duty* to go on existing. That's always been the argument against suicide; to put it in the old fashioned way, God made us, and it's for Him, not for ourselves, to unmake us. But I suppose the theological way of putting it wouldn't appeal to you."

"Oh, I don't know; I've fought it out in my own mind with the theologians. Doesn't it say somewhere in the Bible that the elements are going to melt away with fervent heat? Not a bad shot, that. And how if Providence has arranged for me to pull the trigger? But, as you say, that side of the argument hasn't much interest for me. And if you leave out God, I can't see that duty comes into the matter at all."

"You've still got to reckon with the values, the eternal values. Here are you telling me all this, at the risk of my going off to the police about it. And how do you know that I won't? Because you expect me to keep my word. From the practical point of view, there's everything to be said for my stopping at the first call-box I pass tomorrow morning. But you know I won't, because there's a value called Honour which won't let me. What about you? In a general way, surely, you recognise the values?"

"Oh, yes; honour and truth and artistic integrity and the rest of them—a man must have some compass to steer by. But do they really come into it? When you call them *eternal*, you only mean that they will appeal to the human race as long as it exists. When it dies, they will die with it; or, if you like to think of it in that way, they will be left bombinating in a vacuum. They are only part of the set-up."

"But that's putting the cart before the horse. Here and now, you are compelled to take the values into account, just as much as I am. And one of them's justice—does it satisfy your idea of justice, to indulge in this wholesale act of mercy-killing, without ever consulting the other people who are concerned? Haven't they a right to say whether they want to be liquidated or not?"

Muldoon put his head on one side, as if considering an idea which was new to him. "You would like to have a plebiscite?" he suggested. "It wouldn't work, you know. A plebiscite never reflects the general will; it is always the tool of agitation. And in a case like this, where feelings might so easily be aroused—no, it wouldn't do. The whole idea of people having rights, after all, is only a hangover from *laissez-faire* Liberalism. Nowadays, people have to take what's good for them, whether they've expressed any desire for it or not. But you're tired?" (for Masbury had been guilty of a yawn), "or perhaps I'm boring you. You won't need to make an early start tomorrow; sleep over it, and tell me what you think in the morning."

Sometimes turmoil of the mind makes our senses unusually alive to external impressions; it is as if we ran away, unconsciously, from contemplation of the ghost within. Masbury threw open his bedroom window, as if to refresh himself with the comfortable solidities of the familiar world. But nature played him false; no good spirits walk the earth on a November night. The rain had

stopped, but there was still a continuous dripping from the eaves, as if the house were subject to a slow liquefaction. A full moon rode the sky, but with a veil of haze about her that blurred the outlines of the landscape. The hedges, still draped in dead wisps of bindweed, huddled untidily against the lighter green of the fields; here and there some shapeless mass, a haystack probably, diversified the straggling lines of them; the trees held out their bare branches in an attitude of impotent protest, untroubled by wind. Nothing broke the silence except, now and again, the obscene screeching of an owl. The watcher was inspired to fancy that the world lay there stripped, ready for the sacrifice. The year had put out its last energies, and there was a dankness in the air; in a neglected corner of the garden, the remains of a bonfire still smouldered; you could imagine it as a spark, destined to awake a vast explosion.

"Can he be mad?" was the question which seemed to burn itself into Masbury's brain in the half-hour between waking and sleeping. And, pitilessly alternating with it, came the no less important question, "If he is mad, is all that business about a mechanism which would destroy the world simply part of his delusion?" How could one go to sleep, with those vital problems unsolved? Yet sleep he did, and woke to find his windows grey with the approach of dawn.

It would have been difficult to imagine anybody looking more normal, you might even say more ordinary, than Muldoon as he sat over the breakfast table next day, turning the pages of a book-seller's catalogue. "I do hope you slept all right," he said, as Masbury came in. "I'm afraid that was rather a young wine I gave you last night."

"But, if I may say so, what a bed! I could have slept off a bottle of railway claret. Yes, I slept all right, but I confess that I dreamed. Do you find that your dreams are topical?"

"I always forget them. But if yours was topical—I mean, if it had anything to do with what we were talking about last night—I should be intrigued to hear it. I have a great respect for the unconscious."

"Yes; only the bother is it gets things mixed up so. And—with me, at any rate—a dream doesn't depend so much on meeting certain people, or on visiting certain places, as on interior experiences, *knowing* (I can't quite tell why) that such a thing is

happening, *feeling* all sorts of odd convictions which I haven't got in real life. I can't in the least promise that I shall be able to tell you my dream exactly as I dreamed it. How much is my waking self tidying the whole thing up, rationalising it? I can only do my best. Well, the first thing that happened was that I was hurrying along a path over the Downs; the same path, I think, you and I took on our walk yesterday afternoon. It was nearly dark, but not quite; I remember seeing the outlines of those trees they use as screens, all blown by the wind in the same direction in which we were going, as if they, too, felt an imperious call. And there were sheep bleating round us. Somehow at the back of my mind I knew what our destination was, but I couldn't focus on it, and when I tried to ask my companions—there were several of us—the wind blew the sound of their voices away. Then some houses came in sight, and there we were in front of that pub we passed yesterday—I forget the name of it."

"The Carpenter's Arms."

"Yes, that was it; for some reason it seemed appropriate. There were lights in all the windows, and a lot of people talking and laughing inside; but we didn't try to get in, we went round to the back, where there was a sort of garage that showed just a chink of light. I suppose the people who were with me went in; I was left alone, anyhow; and I'm the sort of person who's always odd man out in a dream—I wanted to get in, but I couldn't; there didn't seem to be any door to the place. I went round it several times over, as an animal does, hoping that it would be different next time; and at last, when I'd given up in despair, a parson came up to me and said in a confidential voice, '*Hymn number sixty-two. While shepherds watched.*'"

"I like that bit. Had you tumbled to it before?"

"No, I don't think so. I don't know—in a dream one's inside the story, as it were, so one takes everything for granted. Anyhow, I wasn't prepared for the next thing which happened. At least, not a thing exactly, but (as I say) a kind of feeling. When you were travelling by train as a small boy, did you ever play the game of gazing at the reflection in the corridor window, which looked as if the train were moving backwards, and then suddenly turning to the window next to you, so that you saw the train as it really was, going forwards? That was the kind of impression that came over me all of a sudden—everything had gone into *reverse*.

At least, that is the construction which my waking consciousness puts upon it; I daresay it was really something quite different. What did George Fox mean when he said that after the moment of his conversion all the creation gave another *smell* to him? Creation doesn't really smell."

"But it was all something interior? You weren't conscious of any stimulus from outside?"

"Oh yes, it did fit in with something I saw. I looked down, for some reason, at the inside of my hand, and I saw a mark stamped there, rather like one of those superimposed postmarks on a letter. And it showed the figure of a baby wrapped up tightly in a linen band. One doesn't really, I think, see anything in one's dreams that one hasn't seen before; this was a perfectly familiar Donatello plaque. But there it was on my hand, like a shadow; and it wouldn't rub off. And once I'd seen it there, I saw it everywhere; it always came between me and the thing I was looking at, and somehow it created the impression of *ownership*. I had a great many adventures after that; it was the sort of dream which went on and on, with continual changes of scene, so that I've really forgotten most of it. But the sign-manual of that *bambino* was haunting me all the time—I remember, for example, being in a perfectly foul hotel where they were celebrating Christmas festivities. I suppose it would have been in the south of France, or possibly in Cornwall; you know the kind of thing, people wearing false noses and throwing streamers about, and getting very drunk on a lot of bad gin, and driving about in cars at midnight for no particular reason—and all that with a background of holly and mistletoe and *Adeste fideles* on the gramophone, so that it made you feel quite sick. And even there, wherever I looked, I saw the *bambino* in his swaddling clothes."

Muldoon was plainly interested in the recital; but it appeared to interest him simply as a dream, not as a portent or as an allegory. "And would that be where you woke up?" he asked. "Those very definite impressions generally come to me when I'm just going to wake up. But even so, when I do, I find they've vanished."

"Oh no, the last bit of all was quite different, and turned my dream into a nightmare. You were driving me in a car along a rather narrow road, with high walls on each side, so that it felt almost like a tunnel. You drove terribly fast, and I wanted

to protest about it; but what I found myself saying was, 'Bought with a price! It isn't yours!' As if it were the car I was worrying about, but I'm not quite sure of that. The only result was that you drove faster than ever; according to my memory of the affair, you must have been doing well over a hundred. And then there was a turn in the road far ahead, and just in front of it a road sign, which you didn't seem to notice. I couldn't see what it was, at first, but when we got nearer it was what I expected; there, in red against a white background, was the figure of the swaddled *bambino*. And you put on the brakes with a suddenness which must inevitably have sent both of us through the wind-screen. Only it didn't, of course, because I woke up."

Muldoon got up and kicked the logs on the fire, like a man who wants to gain time. Then he said, "That's your last word, then? You want me to hold my hand because of something which may have happened in the year dot—literally in the year dot—to which you attach a kind of mystic significance. What I proposed last night strikes you, on thinking it over, as a kind of trespassing?"

"Desecration would be a better word, I think. The idea is, you see, that the *Bambino* set up a kind of chain reaction. But, excuse me, I'm afraid my waking self mustn't be credited with these sentiments. Do I attach any mystical significance, any significance at all, to the events in question? I don't quite know, certainly not enough to affect my judgment in a matter of this kind. You know, in my dreams I always find myself taken back over a space of fifteen or twenty years; the places I frequent are places which have long ceased to be familiar, the friends I consort with are men now among the dead. And perhaps the dreamer of last night was not myself as I am now, but myself as I was twenty years ago, when I wasn't much more than a boy, and believed firmly in much that now seems doubtful. It might have been a young man's vision; it is only an old man's dream. And I don't expect you to be guided by it."

"Oh, as to that—well, you see, the question doesn't arise." Muldoon looked up rather shyly from where he sat facing the fire. "Because of course I was pulling your leg."

"You were—my God, do you often do that kind of thing?"

"No, no; it was all done on the inspiration of the moment. You see, when you were arguing with Bytham, you were so dead certain about the doctrine of noninterference; there was no

conceivable situation in which you would think it right to stop a man beating his wife, to stop a nation going to war—one was only allowed to argue about it. And I wondered whether you would really carry your principle to *all* lengths; would he really not mind (I asked myself) if one threatened to blow the whole planet into the middle of next week? And I'm afraid I led you on. Mind, I enjoyed putting the case, because I confess that the majority of my fellow-beings disgust me. But I wouldn't in fact put a spanner in the wheels of existence, even if I were certain I could do it—too good-natured, I suppose. And I rather enjoyed pulling your leg; but at the same time I was paying you a high compliment. I spun all that rigmarole, and then when we went to bed I didn't even lock up the room the telephone's in. I *knew* you wouldn't ring up the police."

It is doubtful whether anybody enjoys being the victim of a hoax. But the *amende* had been a gracious one, and Masbury found no difficulty about summoning up the civilities that are due from a parting guest. And Muldoon, as he waved his hand from the doorway, said to himself, "I wonder if he ever had that dream." And Masbury said to himself, as he turned into the main road, "I wonder if he *was* pulling my leg."

GHOSTLY HAUNTS AND APPARITIONS

By

CLAUDE WILLIAMSON

WHEN Peter Pan steps towards the footlights in Barrie's celebrated whimsy, and, destroying the illusion of the theatre, asks, "Do you believe in fairies?" the proper response, as every child in the audience perceives, is "Yes!" It is a polite exchange, and nobody is deceived or loses face. Why is it, then, when in any company the question posed is, "Do you

believe in ghosts?" there is no conventional answer? Surely it is that whereas belief in fairies is a matter of civilised convention among children in the presence of their elders, belief in ghosts is a matter of individual conviction among adults, tempered here and there by a grave agnosticism.

The evidence of apparitions, if not of persistent hauntings, is too abundant for it to be dismissed out of hand. It is not the apparition that is in question, but its cause and nature. In the light shed by such a body as the Society for Psychical Research, its objectivity must be conceded, and so believers and unbelievers alike are fascinated by tales of spectral visitation.

As an art-form, the ghost story hovers, like a very ghost, between two states of existence: that of a tale told to a listening circle in the right mood and the right setting, and that of the written narrative which must stand the test of competition with every other literary form. Perhaps that is why the ghost story has never attained the established place enjoyed by the fairy tale. But in the 'sixties of last century, Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu—a great-grand-nephew of Richard Brinsley Sheridan—had a considerable vogue, for he made our grandfathers' flesh creep with his novels of terror and mystery. Here will be found stories of hauntings, of subtle spiritual influences, of the elemental powers that preceded man's coming to the earth, of possession, of evil let loose in the form of a were-wolf, and, one, the longest in the collection, of sheer human malignity—enough, surely, to arouse in any reader the conviction of mystery and horror, moving in a world only just beyond the apprehension of the physical senses.

It may, however, be of comfort to the theological student to know that it is very often the rector (vicars and curates appear to be less well-equipped) who can solve the horrid mystery, or in some cases dismiss the haunter. It is again comfortable to know from the rector of a place "about sixty miles north of London upon a main line of railway," that "vampires are altogether *sui generis*, and virtually unknown in this country." There is this to be said about demoniality, that it cannot really horrify anyone who is not himself deeply religious. Blasphemy cannot daunt the agnostic, and even the Black Mass itself loses its significance if one does not believe in the doctrine of Transubstantiation.

But Le Fanu makes very good play with the traditional bogies.

The five tales of *In a Glass Darkly* introduce a full-blown vampire and the conventional let-down of the secret passage-way. *The Strange Adventure of Miss Laura Mildmay* (an early work) brings us to the edge of precipices, lays foundlings on our doorstep, and with gestures as familiar as that of the three-card trick, unmasks the benevolent elder as the one-eyed roaring villain of the early chapters. Le Fanu, in fact, gives us the whole bag of tricks and displays, though unevenly, the gifts of a considerable novelist. The short story—the sad case or ghastly encounter—is his real form. “Green Tea,” “The Familiar” and “Madam Crowl’s Ghost” fetch a genuine shudder from the subconscious, while everywhere this writer has the knack of making his reader comfortably uncomfortable, as when a right-minded reader sees a dust-cover depicting a wasp-waisted *ingénue*, garbed in the New Look of the eighteen-seventies, being thrown, with gentlemanly aplomb, by a cloaked figure over the edge of a cliff. He will naturally exclaim, “You just can’t have too much of that sort of thing.” When he sees that the author is Sheridan Le Fanu, he will carry home his copy in triumph; and if he is a real epicure in sensationalism will wait for an evening when the rain is beating against the windows and the wind is howling in the branches before, secure beneath his bed-clothes and luxuriating with his hot-water bottle, he follows the fortunes of that beautiful girl.

Horace Walpole and Mrs. Radcliffe were the sophisticated purveyors of the horrid which their forefathers had lapped up in all simpleness. Their lavish assembling of properties—gloomy scene, clanking chains, trapdoors, dungeons, strange lights seen in lonely castles—marks them as make-believe, trying in the tones of a pantomime demon to raise their audience’s hair. As deliberate, but much more subtle, is the modern cult of the “horrid”—more exquisite or more decadent, according to the reader’s reaction. Between the two periods the ghost story was fairly cosy in the hands of Dickens and others. The moderns excel in horrid artistry. Few who have read Henry James or Oliver Onions (“The Beckoning Fair One!”) will disagree. It is likely that in a pre-Freud age the earlier writers of pure horror tales were unaware of their neuroses and the repressions they loosed.

Henry James in *The Turn of the Screw* gradually builds up his effect of suspense to the point at which the horror we feel of his guilty *revenants* needs no photographic picture of anything

actually seen. And Walter de la Mare is equally a master of the subtle touches that suggest the mysterious terrors which cannot, as a matter of fact, be described in words. For the terror of the flesh is a feeble thing compared to the terror of the spirit, but the spirit can be summoned only by the evocation of a poet. A surreptitious ghost may be truer to possible experience and lend itself to a more sensitive art. That unobtrusive figure on the stairs or in the garden—is it not a commonplace of actual hauntings, so congruous with its surroundings as hardly to be noticed?

Some may, indeed, make merry over ghosts, exposing them to ridicule, as in Oscar Wilde's "The Canterville Ghost," which tells how a successful family spectre was shamefully treated by members of an American family installed as tenants in his ancient haunt; or in H. G. Wells's tale of the inexperienced ghost who had difficulty in remembering the proper drill for vanishing. Supernatural fiction is never very far from humour, and when some industrious author is caught toiling at his horrors the effect is like a laboured joke. E. F. Benson's "The Face" might be regarded as the most industrious attempt to create mystery and terror about the time of Mrs. Radcliffe and her followers. In its defence an argument might maintain that the styles of wraiths change like the styles of women's fashions. Is it, or is it not, the plain truth that the ghost story which makes the maximum effect is always the very latest?

Montague James's "Ghost Stories," remarkable for invention and their delightful and often amusing settings, are too well known to need recommendation. They follow two sound principles necessary to telling an entertaining ghost story: the supernatural element must represent the powers of darkness (a good ghost is insipid), and the victim of the awful experience should be a thoroughly humdrum, unadventurous person. Then into the routine of enviable individuals of wisely limited lives something terrible and inexplicable suddenly breaks. When the narrator comes to this horrid moment itself, success depends on mixing precise detail with vague suggestion in the right proportions. This is the secret of rousing the instinct of fear, and upon the manner of doing it everything depends. Whatever is clearly seen must be profoundly disquieting, yet an ominous vagueness about the precise nature of "The Thing" possessing

that characteristic redoubles the effect. Do you remember the hero of "Casting the Runes" in *Ghost Stories of an Antiquary*? How after his grotesque experience in the tramcar the studious Mr. Dunning heard the distant door of his study close, and when he went out on the landing he felt a breath of hot air fan his legs? And then, after jumping back into bed, and feeling under the pillow for his watch, how he touched "a mouth, with teeth and hair about it—not the mouth of a human being"? It is sufficient to make the reader most deeply apprehensive about poor Mr. Dunning's coming fate, when the runes begin to work.

Ghosts, goblins, and such-like are today so reduced a tribe—so few the persons who have met the person who once with his very eyes, etc.—that their survival in fiction may seem seriously threatened. Gone the livery of ruffs, claws, chains, a head respectfully doffed, or (on the female side) shrieks, nightgowns, water dripping from the hair: the apparitions that persist are seen out of the corner of one eye, glimpses of a motiveless malignity, the suspicion we can't quite get rid of. Mr. Pritchett, introducing Le Fanu, remarks on the force of his animal familiars. The clergyman of "Green Tea" has touched extremes of despair. How so? There, a little further along the bus seat, squats the monkey who now accompanies him everywhere.

"Now I doubt," writes Mr. Wentworth-Day, "if the modern Londoner can talk with ease or pleasure of ghosts when he sits in a minute room in a centrally-heated flat, gazing at a two-bar electric fire and listening to the simian ineptitudes of a 'white nigger,' drowning his Cockney accent in the East Side gibberish of New York." This is the stuff we like to hear from one possessing vested interests in the non-corporeal riches of the past. Even some of his ghosts are snobs. We read of one offended shade who sought to strangle a brash tycoon who occupied a manorial bed-chamber which once had served as "The Judgment Room." Another, who had long been domiciled in the walls and corridors of an ancient castle, responded with dudgeon to the alterations which a recent owner carried out. Apparently the mock-medieval restoration badly upset this susceptible wraith; and when the task was completed, and the castle refurnished "according to Fortnum's," its visitations entirely ceased.

From the time of the Witch of Endor almost until our own day spectres show themselves for some particular end—even the

tapping of a statue's "claret" in *The Castle of Otranto* operates on behalf of a rightful heir—which is clear either to themselves or to those who conjured them from the shades. At some point in literary history the fashion starts for what might be called ghosts for ghosts' sake. At an apologetic hazard this might be ascribed to the influence of *The Ingoldsby Legends*. Whether the view is acceptable or not, it is worth recalling that Lewis Carroll was shocked (and no nonsense about it, for that is exactly how he felt) by the behaviour of a clergyman who could, by relishing spooks, demons and other creatures belonging to the vasty deeps be guilty of profanity or worse.

An uncommon amount of imagination is needed to put wraiths on paper in a manner acceptable to the cultured judgment or even to common sense. Novelists appear to have given up the task with the thorough agreement of a well-organised general strike. Playwrights, on the contrary, are reviving the stage ghost with spiritualism as their excuse. So far as the business of defining the place of ghosts in everyday life is concerned the writer of short stories has things all his own way. And yet the greatest master of persuasive verisimilitude among them could barely hope to equal in prose the effect of

Into their dreams no shadow fell
Of his disastrous thumb
Groping discreet, and gradual,
Across the quiet room.

The author of those lines is also the author of some of the finest stories of the ghostly kind. But then there is a world of difference between "ghostly" and "ghost." If you wish to fill yourselves with terrors unimaginable to help digest Yule's sumptuous repast, then read Russell Thorndike's *The House of Jeffreys*. That is ghostly enough, but the effect is produced by the far from ghost-like presence of a practising cannibal. On the other hand a jocular ghost is detestable. The author of *The Ingoldsby Legends* had a real talent for the supernatural, but what his friend Hughes called his "suppressed plethora of native fun" was always breaking in. Still, "The Legend of Hamilton Tighe," which according to Miss Mitford, made people turn pale and "complain of nervous excitement," contains one line which illustrates in a masterly way the effectiveness of leaving horror vague:

The Lady steps into her coach alone,
And they hear her sigh, and they hear her groan,
They close the door, and they turn the pin,
But there's one rides with her that never stepped in,

Dr. James had one great advantage as a ghost-story teller: he was saturated in the Middle Ages. His pursuits not only provided him with quiet antiquarian types who were most suitable as victims, but with ideas derived from demonology and witchcraft. After all, modern inventions can never equal the creations of an imagination which really believed in demons and elementals, in curses and spells. So powerful is the touch of those old matter-of-fact beliefs that the thrill of the supernatural is felt even in some nursery rhymes not intended to be alarming.

Hinx Minx, the old witch, winks,
And the fat is beginning to fry.
There's no one at home
But Jumping Joan,
And father and mother and I.

What a sinister household!

"Ghost Stories" in a large sense, include not merely tales of apparitions, but generally accounts of phenomena not referable to the action of any natural laws at present known, and therefore presumed to belong to the supernatural sphere. Now, that many of these accounts are true I do not for one moment doubt. It is, doubtless, quite easy to deny them upon *a priori* grounds. The affirmation that there is no order beyond the physical, of course implies that there can be no communication from the supernatural. And this is really the argument—to give a classic example—of Voltaire in his article "Apparitions" in the *Philosophical Dictionary*. The first sentence strikes the keynote: "It is not at all an uncommon thing for a person under a strong emotion to see that which is not." ("Ce n'est point du tout une chose rare qu'une personne, vivement émue, voit ce qui n'est point.") The proposition is unquestionably true. As unquestionably, it is not conclusive. It would be just as true to say, "It is not by any means uncommon for a person in a normal state of health and nerves, and not under the influence of any strong emotion to be conscious of the presence of one who is dead." The evidence for this second proposition is just as abundant and overwhelming as is

the evidence for the first. The *a priori* argument against apparitions of the departed resolves itself into the ancient Roman dictum that "there is nothing beyond death, and that death itself is nothing"—"*Post mortem nihil est, ipsaque mors nihil.*" Of course a man may believe that if he likes, for it is, in nine cases out of ten, our inclination which determines our creed. There are those who, to any form of faith, in the supersensuous, prefer a crude disbelief in all that lies out of the senses' grasp. On such, evidence of the supernatural is thrown away. But I suppose that thanatists, as it is the fashion to call them, are really not very numerous. Most will be of the opinion expressed by Cardinal Newman in a striking passage of his sermon "The Invisible World." "The dead, when they depart hence, do not cease to exist, but they retire from this visible scene of things, or, in other words, they cease to act towards us and before us through our senses . . . They remain; but without the usual means of approach towards us and correspondence with us . . . We are in a world of spirits as well as in a world of sense." To Newman, the phenomenal universe was but a veil, hiding from us spiritual realities.

What is the theological answer to the question about the existence of ghosts? St. Thomas says it turns upon the possibility of the departed soul leaving its abode in heaven, hell or purgatory. There is no permanent exit from hell or heaven; but God may permit souls to leave their abode for a time, for a reason: the damned may be allowed to speak for man's instruction; or the souls in purgatory may come to seek our suffrages; and he cites St. Augustine, who relates how Felix the Martyr appeared visibly to the people of Nola when they were besieged by the barbarians. And was it really Samuel's ghost which appeared to Saul, or was it a diabolical impersonation? The wise and learned are not agreed. It is quite clear that necromancy is forbidden and the Church has given guidance and warnings on the practice of the spiritualists. We are not allowed to attempt by the craft of magic to raise the dead or seek communication with them. But there is nothing we can do to prevent them if God so permits from communicating with us.

Perhaps the moral is: judge your ghost stories in the light of the spirit, but on no account base your spiritual beliefs on ghost stories.

THE A, B, PSI OF MODERN THOUGHT

By

ANTHONY A. STEPHENSON

THE BRAINS-TRUSTER, the candidate for an Open Scholarship, and the rising civil servant faced by the prospect of a "board" will all be indebted to the Editor of *The Times Literary Supplement* for assembling the distinguished team of experts who contribute to Victor Gollancz's *New Outline of Modern Knowledge*.¹ Not intended to be an encyclopaedia, this still formidable work is divided into five sections: philosophy, science, art, politics-and-economics, and, in a single concluding essay by A. L. Goodhart, law. Alan Pryce-Jones has planned the volume admirably. Not only the traditional arts and disciplines, but modern art-forms and the new sciences of geriatrics and atomic physics, as well as the question of interstellar travel, receive due attention. The book is divided into twenty-six articles and composed of no less than 280,000, often well chosen, words. While not all the articles are of equal value, they are almost without exception refreshingly free from pretentiousness. Christopher Hollis discourses informatively and wisely about international organisations and D. J. B. Hawkins expounds theism with his usual insight and lucidity. Prospective purchasers should buy their copy now, since the publisher has issued a kindly warning that all editions subsequent to the first will cost at least a guinea. It is safe to say that anyone who has thoroughly mastered this compendium will be able to face most of the ordinary conversational hazards with equanimity. The good guest, too, who has committed suitable portions to memory will be equipped to win golden opinions at the dinner-table, and his hostess's gratitude besides, as he smooths over an awkward pause in the conversation by remarking lightly, "The 'One' of Plotinus is beyond intelligence" or "In Shaivite Hindu

¹ Edited by Alan Pryce-Jones (Gollancz 18s).

parlance God is Shiva, the eternal and unchanging monad" or "No supernova has appeared in our galaxy since 1604" or "It is estimated that in twenty-four hours many thousands of millions of meteors fall on our earth" or "The word *meteor* is often used as though it were a synonym for a shooting-star, but it means rather more than this" or "Life always contains an element of unpredictability" or "Bourdelle, himself a masterly technician, is now very out of fashion" or "Coming from the outer space, cosmic rays produce in the atmosphere radioactive carbon atoms of atomic weight 14."

In parapsychology J. B. Rhine has, at least superficially, the most exciting subject, but his contribution is disappointing. His wish to side with the angels is apparent, but he is sadly mistaken in supposing that the evidence for Christianity and for the spiritual element in man is largely composed of Psi phenomena. Psi, as readers of THE MONTH will be aware, comprises two classes of psychic phenomena: ESP, or extra-sensory perception, which includes telepathy, clairvoyance and prophetic awareness or precognition; and PK, or psychokinesis, the direct influencing of a physical object by the mind or will, without the intervention of the muscles or other physical action: for instance, the sinking of an ill-aimed putt by will-power (unless of course, the opponent's PK is more powerful). PK, therefore, the direct action of mind on matter, is roughly the converse of ESP, or non-sensory awareness; PK stands to ESP much as muscular action to sensory perception. Now, it would seem that the evidential value of prophecy and miracles would be rather *decreased* if ESP and PK turned out to be natural human powers. And the proof of the spiritual or immaterial element in man rests much more securely on man's power of thinking (especially abstract, general and geometrical thinking) than on Psi phenomena. For even supposing Psi phenomena to be firmly established, many of them appear to be more akin to water-divining, the instinct of homing pigeons and other animal instincts, such as those of cats (Dr. Karlis Osis of Duke University credits the domestic cat with powerful Psi; he has, of course, been anticipated by generations of cat-lovers). Thinking, therefore (even thinking about Psi) more obviously transcends the physical or psychophysical plane than does the more mysterious Psi. Yet it remains true, as one gladly recognises, that the establishment of Psi

would show the materialists that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in the mechanist philosophy.

Professor Rhine's description of the Pearce-Pratt experiments is satisfactory, with the qualification that he does not make it clear whether what was tested was telepathy (the awareness of the thought or mental state of another person) or general, undifferentiated ESP, which would include the possibility of clairvoyance (*i.e.*, extrasensory *perception*), or both separately. For these tests, as for other experiments in parapsychology, a special pack of cards was devised. There were five different kinds of cards, marked respectively with a star, a square, waves, a circle and a cross. The pack was made up of twenty-five cards; it was generally composed of five cards of each type (the closed pack), but sometimes the twenty-five cards were taken from a larger collection, so that the five symbols were unequally represented. Thus guess-work would have a chance of one in five in the closed pack. In the Pearce-Pratt series of experiments in 1933 the two experimenters were in different buildings a hundred yards apart. Pearce attempted to identify the cards as Pratt isolated them one by one. "The two men had synchronised their watches. One minute was given to each card. Two runs through the pack were made each day for six days." There were thus 300 cards to be identified; a score of 60 might be expected as a result of chance alone. Pearce scored 119 hits. This is extremely interesting. Rhine tells us that the odds against such a score resulting by chance are a trillion (in America, a million million) to one. Certainly, if the achievement were confirmed by similar or better results from repetitions of the experiment, telepathy (or, alternatively, clairvoyance or undifferentiated ESP) could safely be regarded as scientifically established. Unfortunately, though Professor Rhine tells us that "while not every experimenter obtained confirmatory results, the majority of them did," the statistic given above remains, tantalisingly, the only one in the whole article.

Nevertheless, even one such series of experiments goes far towards establishing telepathy, or clairvoyance, scientifically. The definitive proof of telepathy, however, would not in itself be very startling. There is some evidence for it, outside the laboratory, both of the kind Rhine calls "anecdotal" (stories of clairvoyance or telepathy associated with the spectacular or

tragic) and in ordinary experience, as when two persons doing a crossword puzzle together, or trying to remember a name, both find the answer present in their minds simultaneously or almost simultaneously.

It is when the claims made for ESP go beyond telepathy or contemporary clairvoyance ("immediate ESP") that one becomes more critical, and especially when attempts are made to convince us that the scientific establishment of telepathy logically implies the reality of more surprising phenomena such as prophetic awareness or psychokinesis. This is precisely what Professor Rhine does. It was noticed, he writes, that Pearce identified the cards no less successfully when he was a hundred yards away than when he was in the same room as the "sender"; it looked, therefore, as if distance was not an important factor in ESP. Rhine then makes the fallacious assumption that if ESP is independent of space, it should, logically, be equally independent of time so that, once immediate ESP is established, the existence of precognition (prophetic awareness) is predictable. It is an unfortunate consequence of this assumption that it tends to induce a less critical attitude towards the experimental evidence alleged for precognition. What Rhine is saying is this: that the fact that the space element makes little or no difference to Pearce's success in identifying the cards makes logically predictable or at least likely the possibility of a person's having a vision of Straight Lad winning the 2.30 next Friday. But there is no analogy, or at best a very incomplete analogy, between space and time, especially future time, in this connection. If Pearce's success was due to telepathy or mind-reading, this is wholly irrelevant to precognition, since here there is no one's mental state to be aware of.¹ If, on the other hand, Pearce was using clairvoyance (non-sensory perception), then there is no analogy between space and time. For it is intelligible enough that clairvoyance should be unaffected by space; but with future time, in precognition, a wholly new factor enters, entirely changing the problem in a way in which mere distance does not. The obvious difficulty in precognitive clairvoyance is that at the moment of clairvoyance

¹ Unless we suppose a collective universal unconscious, independent of and superior to time, and this is clearly a very difficult concept in itself and certainly one which we are not entitled to assume at this logical stage: that is, simply as a consequence of telepathy.

the future does not exist; there is no object to be perceived or known. The difficulty is so great that many eminent philosophers, including some theists and non-Catholic Christians, have felt unable to credit even God with this power of foreknowing future free or undetermined events. Foreknowledge of the calculable, such as eclipses, is of course, quite a different matter; insofar as the movements of the heavenly bodies follow regular laws, the prediction of their future positions is simply a function of present knowledge. But who is to know (apart from God, who altogether transcends time) what detective novel the postman will choose for his bedside reading the day after tomorrow, or what cards he himself will hold in the third hand of the second rubber of bridge next Monday?

Yet that is what, after a good deal of vague and confused statement, Professor Rhine finally asks us to believe as a fact pretty well scientifically established in the laboratory—that a man can predict (apparently with about the same degree of success as in ordinary or contemporary ESP) the order in which the cards will be shown or isolated on a certain occasion in the future, when the complex and incalculable method by which the card-order will be determined will itself be settled only some days after the prediction. In the crucial tests “the packs of target cards, in addition to being shuffled mechanically in a routine way, were then cut in accordance with a design involving the use of temperature readings published in a specified newspaper on a designated date.”

The critical reader's natural difficulty in accepting so revolutionary a claim is increased by Professor Rhine's extraordinary coyness about what the results of the experiments actually were. He claims and disclaims experimental proof of precognition with alternate statements that cancel each other out: “as had been logically anticipated, this shift from the present to the future in ESP tests was successful at the scoring level the subject had been able to attain on immediate card order”; but “even today the state of the precognition research is still a fluid one.” Again, “evidence of precognition has been obtained . . . first by myself and then in a confirmatory series by Dr. Betty M. Humphrey and myself”; yet “even at Duke there is not complete satisfaction that the case is watertight,” and so on. Rhine then notes the revolutionary character of the hypothesis of precognition, and

continues: "for that reason some investigators are tempted to emphasise the possibility that a psychokinetic factor might enter into the manipulation of the thermometer or that some other alternative to precognition might have played a part in influencing the weather or the meteorologist who recorded its data"! This surprising statement strikes me as a piece of mystification, carrying the double suggestion that the evidence for precognition is so overwhelming that to reject it is to commit oneself to the fantastic supposition that someone involved in the experiment changed the weather, and that the discovery claimed (precognition) is so spectacular that this latter alternative must be taken seriously. It would be much more to the point to summarise statistically the results of the experiments in precognition in the same way as was done in the case of the experiments in immediate ESP.

We next come to PK, or psychokinesis. PK is to be distinguished from the psychic influence one person might bring to bear upon another. It is psychic influence brought to bear by a person upon an inanimate object; the direct action of mind on matter. Thus when the mother of a certain woman lawn tennis player recently claimed that from her seat in the grandstand she was able to aid her daughter in the combat, she would be claiming PK only on the supposal that the aid consisted, not in some tonic effect on her daughter's morale, but in causing the opponent's balls to fall out of court. Rhine proceeds to PK by way of another unsafe assumption. He mentions the supposed universality of the law of the equality of action and reaction, and observes that in ESP the object (the card) appeared to produce some effect upon the subject (the person calling the cards); therefore, by "predictive logic," it was to be expected that the subject should, conversely, exercise some occult (psychic) effect upon the object—which would be PK. But it should be proved, not assumed, that the law of reaction holds good in the realm of ESP and PK. For the law does not appear to apply to ordinary cognition or perception. It is generally thought that in ordinary cognition the causal relation is one-way, not reciprocal. When one knows an object, the object affects the knower, but the knower does not appear to affect the object. When I perceive an apple, for instance, the apple produces in me a sensation, an image and an idea; but the apple, so far as one can tell, is altogether unaffected

by being perceived. Similarly it may be, as Rhine thinks, that the clairvoyant knows the card because the card affects him in some non-sensory way; but there appears to be no reason—certainly none based on the analogy of ordinary perception—for thinking that the clairvoyant affects the card. That is, the verification of ESP would still provide no presumption in favour of the reality of PK.

Yet, by another odd coincidence, the result suggested by this fallacy also was confirmed experimentally, when in eighteen series of experiments the subjects attempted to influence falling dice. The dice were propelled in various ways, but almost always in some manner that precluded manual skill. In this section, however, Rhine is again elusive about the precise strength of the experimental evidence obtained. Yet it should be possible in a sentence to express statistically the degree of probability with which PK is established. That PK was experimentally proved, Rhine claims explicitly: "the predicted reaction of subject upon object was demonstrated."

Being no mathematician, the present writer is not qualified to question the ESP statistical evidence itself, particularly as a team of eminent statisticians made an investigation and gave its approval. One would like to know, however, whether this approval extended only to the mathematical methods and principles employed at the Duke parapsychology laboratory, or also to wider questions affecting the sources and interpretation of the statistics. Rhine, for instance, justly remarks that a very slight deviation from chance expectation becomes significant if it is a deviation over a very large statistical field. It would, however, obviously lose its significance if there were any bias in the accumulation of the statistics. For instance, the usual practice was that when twenty new subjects presented themselves, only the minority who had made good scores in their first test would be encouraged to return. Clearly, if *their* first scores were registered as their initial scores in the series on which they would now embark while the scores of the failures were torn up, a bias would be introduced into the statistics. While it may probably be presumed that such sources of error were guarded against, one would like an explicit assurance on the point. Again, it seems to be established by experience that runs of luck occur in gambling, and it is sometimes thought that a gambler who wants to keep his

winnings should desist after a run of luck. Now, Rhine used to rest his subjects when their high scoring showed a tendency to decline, on the theory that their Psi power was tiring. In justice to Rhine, however, it must be remembered that no one can tell how long a run of luck is going to be. Only an expert in the mathematics of probability or chance, therefore, could perhaps say whether this practice would introduce a bias into the statistics. What, if any, is the limit to the possible length of a run of luck? The answer to this question is relevant at many points. Admitting, again, that Pearce's score of 119 in clairvoyance, where the average chance expectation was 60, is very impressive ("a trillion to one" according to Rhine), one notes that Rhine states (*New Frontiers of the Mind*, p. 73) that the ESP guesses of all subjects totalled, over the years, "literally millions." It would be interesting to know whether these mountains of statistics contain any comparably lower score (30, if that is what it would be) to balance and average out with Pearce's 119. In an obscure passage (op. cit., p. 129) Rhine seems to say that if a long run of high scoring were followed by an equally long run of low scoring, this would make no difference to the evidential value of the high scores. If that is his meaning, then on purely statistical and mathematical grounds he is clearly wrong; on those grounds it would make all the difference. He is thinking, however, of Pearce, who apparently scored consistently above chance in clairvoyance tests for two years; one agrees that if a subject makes really spectacular scores over a very long period (but how long must it be?), then it is arguable that his ESP is established, and the possibility that his correspondingly bad scores afterwards may be due to Psi disgust deserves to be considered. Nevertheless, this passage in *New Frontiers*, if I understand it correctly, is unsatisfactory and somewhat disturbing.

Let it be said, to forestall misunderstanding, that the primary purpose of this article is not to examine the general case for Psi, but Rhine's presentation of the case in the *New Outline*, and particularly to draw attention to his false assumptions. One recognises also that the detection of fallacies in Rhine's reasoning leaves altogether intact whatever results were established experimentally. But fallacious assumptions must not be allowed to serve *instead* of empirical evidence, or to bolster it up where it is doubtful. It needs to be emphasised that the verification or

telepathy or ESP would neither imply nor make particularly plausible either precognition or PK. What is required is a clear summary of the experimental evidence, accompanied by a few key statistics. Moreover, while Dr. Betty M. Humphrey would probably classify me as a "compressive" type, the fact is that I am perfectly ready to accept any forms of Psi for which satisfactory evidence is produced. I recognise that, both from ordinary experience and anecdotal testimony as well as from laboratory evidence, there appears to be a very strong case for immediate ESP, that is contemporary telepathy or clairvoyance. If Pearce's success was confirmed on other occasions and if the questions to which attention has been drawn above can be satisfactorily answered, then I should regard contemporary ESP as proved. Similarly if there were statistically adequate laboratory evidence for precognition and PK, then they too could be accepted.

It is disconcerting, however, to find so influential a Psi investigator as Dr. Rhine capable of loose thinking, vague about the actual state of the evidence, and possessed by an ill-founded optimism calculated to impair judgment. For the scientific verification of "advanced" Psi would have great philosophical importance. What is, perhaps, above all important at this stage is to distinguish sharply between the various forms of Psi and to remember that the apparently very strong evidence for contemporary ESP or telepathy is, so far as one can tell, by no means matched by the evidence for PK or precognition.

MAKING RELIGION REAL?

By

THOMAS CORBISHLEY

PERHAPS the most significant fact for the English Catholic reader of "spiritual literature" is that not one of this batch of books¹ on various aspects of religious belief is by an English Catholic. The only one by an author born in this island is by a Scot, and a non-Catholic. (It is some consolation that it is the most readable of the lot.) This raises in a challenging form the whole problem of English ascetical and spiritual writing. It is true that we have a small group of authors, headed by Mgr. Knox, whose writing is, by any test, in the front rank. It is also true that Catholic publishers have done a useful service in introducing to Catholics in this country the best of continental work in this field. But it is necessary to say that not all foreign works, even those which have had a success in their own country, always travel well. Even where the translation is very good—and how rarely is that true—the originals are often addressed to a public whose intellectual climate is different from that prevailing over here and often couched in a terminology which is intelligible only in terms of a prevailing philosophical or psychological fad.

It is this which probably explains why at least two of the books under review fail to come off. Although Fr. Brunner is an important writer in his own country, this translation of *Eine Neue Schöpfung* seems turgid and verbose, especially in the first chapter, which is the basis for all the rest. What are we to make of sentences such as these:

Gain of individuality cannot be made an end in itself. Not because it is not worth striving for, not because it is of doubtful value, but

¹ *Approaches to God*, by Jacques Maritain (Allen and Unwin 8s 6d).

A New Creation, by August Brunner (Burns and Oates 16s).

Christian Asceticism and Modern Man, by Various Writers (Blackfriars 16s).

Meditations of a Believer, by Marcel Légaut (Eyre and Spottiswoode 15s).

The Pattern of Christian Belief, by J. W. D. Smith (Nelson 12s 6d).

Making Religion Real, by Nels F. S. Ferré (Collins 10s 6d).

because it is spirit, not object, and cannot and may not, therefore, constitute a field for the exercise of the will. The precious values proper to personality are attained only through what is objectively to be done. They grow as it were spontaneously into the right attitude and behaviour, but are latent at the point of issue of man's attention to things, and thus cannot be perceived objectively at all.

Or again:

For as person he stands before God responsible, and all true and selfless love is accomplished in God's power. But in decadent times man is less and less aware of it, and tends to treat marriage as a purely worldly matter. With the loss of that other attitude he lacks the strength to carry an unconditional bond through life and to take a stand once for all, as is incumbent on him as a person.

The effect of such passages is analogous to that produced by a painting of which the drawing is bad, so that the artist has to compensate by a lavish and indiscriminate use of colour. It is not that Fr. Brunner has not profound and important things to say, or that he cannot speak with simplicity and directness. Thus, in the same chapter on Marriage and Chastity, he says:

In man and woman two separate lives meet, two ways of looking at reality and appraising it that are deeply divergent. . . . Indeed, it is precisely this sharing in someone else's mind that makes man really human, able to break out of the narrow straits of the individual viewpoint and at least draw nearer to his aim of attaining to a complete and purely objective view of reality. . . . Coming together is only possible when a person discovers how to break down the barriers egoism has set up and tries to look at things from another's standpoint, doing justice where justice is due. In fact, it simply means acknowledging the other as a person.

The scheme of Fr. Brunner's book is simplicity itself. After a preliminary discussion of the Meaning of the Christian Life—which, as has been suggested above, is the least satisfactory chapter of all—he passes on to consider the application of Christian principles to the three main departments of human experience, showing how the counsels of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience are wholly consonant with, indeed demand a true appreciation of the value of property, sex and free will. It would be a pity if the difficult and diffuse first chapter were to bar the way, like a dragon across the path, to the genuine gold to be found in the

subsequent pages; though even here some perseverance will be called for.

Christian Asceticism and Modern Man is again a somewhat disappointing book. The title is full of promise and the chapter headings do nothing to belie that promise. Here, we say to ourselves, is the book we have been looking forward to for so long. And yet, as we read on, we become less convinced. The earlier historical chapters are disappointingly flat and insipid, though Fr. Bouyer has some interesting remarks to make on the perplexity which arose with the conversion of Constantine. Before that event "An avowed Christian was *ipso facto* a candidate for martyrdom. Clearly the idea of a life in which allegiance to the Kingdom was compatible with allegiance to this world was wholly chimerical." After the Edict of Milan all this outlook was, to some extent, falsified. "No conceivable change could have been more disconcerting to Christian thought and practice than this. . . . We may add that the problems created by this change were so delicate and complex that they have not been fully solved now, and probably never will be."

The most valuable part of the book will be found in Fr. Geiger's two chapters, "Outlining a Theology of Asceticism" and "Asceticism and Moral Unity." They are full of sound Christian teaching and shrewd practical sense. Fr. Chenu's chapter on "The Collective Dimensions of Asceticism" is ruined by the translation. A few instances must suffice to justify this statement.

It was the copious matter of classic criticism of observances that brought forth an Erasmus and a Luther.

We know the commonplace of the Novice Master on detailed obedience. Useless to see in it—as a sociological truth—the value, but also the limits and sometimes the error against the supreme law of the spirit.

The twentieth century of Christianity gives us a lesson in this, with all the force of evangelism, as well as with the stirring realism of an inescapable socialisation.

The chief disappointment in a work that could have been of the first importance is that, in the end, no real synthesis is achieved. Fr. Allegre's "Tentative Conclusions" are sound and helpful, but do not really draw the book together. And what are we to make of this remark:

That no doubt means that except where God steps in and calls someone to be a co-redeemer with Him, renunciation will never cease to be necessary until this earthly life is over. . . .

We said earlier that Dr. Smith's *Pattern of Christian Belief* was the most readable of all these books, and, treated with judicious reserve, it is probably the most successful. Dr. Smith sets out to justify to modern man a thoroughgoing belief in the Bible despite the corrosive action of the "acids of modernity." He shows ably and convincingly that modern criticism, whether from a historical, linguistic, biological or astronomical point of view, has done nothing to obscure—it may even have brought into greater relief—the underlying pattern of Biblical thought. "Judicious reserve" is called for in reading it, because it has to be admitted that Dr. Smith sits very lightly to traditional positions about the authorship and dating of sacred books, and is too ready to accept the latest hypothesis in this matter. He perhaps has too much deference for the findings of scholars without regard to the inherent probability of their views. But the general effect of the book is salutary and refreshing. The Christian hope is shown as the hope of the world.

In M. Maritain's little book, *Approaches to God*, we are outside the range of strictly "spiritual" writing, though it is appropriate to consider it along with the rest. For the theme of the book is that the average man comes to a knowledge of God not through philosophical argument but by a more direct, "pre-philosophical" awareness, "a kind of innocent knowledge, a knowledge free from all dialectic." It is good that a philosopher should recognise and publicly proclaim that not many men are philosophers but are not thereby debarred from a "natural" knowledge of God. In fact, the conventional Ways of St. Thomas "are a development and an unfolding of this natural knowledge . . ." and M. Maritain implies that the "proofs" will not work except for those who are already "alive to the primordial intuition of existence." He next goes on to restate the Five Ways, and adds a sixth Way, based on the "natural spirituality of intelligence." The point of this argument seems to be that, whereas my mind, in thinking, is directed towards certain timeless truths, so that there is an important sense in which the mind is beyond time, my actual thinking is a temporal activity. "The self is born in time. But in so far as it is thinking, it is not born of time. It existed

before itself in a first existence distinct from every temporal existence. . . ." It is thus that we arrive at a timeless Being. Whether or not this is no more than a modification of the argument from Contingency, it is at least an interesting speculation.

The two remaining books are of a more intimate nature. M. Légaut's *Meditations of a Believer* in a sense contains nothing that has not been said countless times already. It is a series of prayerful reflections on certain selected Gospel incidents, and whilst not all his conclusions or interpretations will command universal acceptance, the book is the product of a sincere and devout Christian and many will find it helpful for prayer-time. Finally, Professor Ferré's *Making Religion Real* is a collection of essays commending the value and importance of religion in everyday life. Although the religion that Professor Ferré preaches is called Christianity, his language on the whole is concerned with religion in a more general way. It is, of course, none the worse for that, though certain chapters, especially the two entitled "Making Religion Real through Prayer" and "Through Worship" would gain an added dimension from a thoroughgoing acceptance of the Christian doctrines of grace and the sacraments and of our incorporation into Christ in the work of Redemption.

POE'S FRENCH CENTENARY

THIS YEAR marks the centenary of Edgar Allan Poe's formal introduction into France and French literature. This introduction was *formal* in so far as a moderate amount of attention had actually been directed to Poe before 1856. He first appeared in French as early as 1845 through Alphonse Borghers's inaccurate translation of "The Gold Bug." There followed mediocre translations by Isabelle Meunier and E. D. Forgues, and in 1846 an essay by the latter, "Les Contes d'Edgar A. Poe" in *Revue des Deux Mondes*, served Charles Baudelaire as an introduction to the works of the American Romantic. In time Baudelaire was to become Poe's greatest champion.

Two years later in 1848 Baudelaire's first translation appeared, that of "Mesmeric Revelation." In 1852 his critical essay "Edgar Allan Poe; sa vie et ses ouvrages" was published. And from 1852 to 1855 he was engaged in the translation of selected tales for *La Pays*. But it was not until 1856, after Baudelaire had gathered these tales together, corrected them, affixed his critical essay as preface and published the

first volume of his Poe translations, that the American began to attract any serious attention from either French critic or reader.

The book came out under the title *Histoires extraordinaires*. In general it was rather well received and there followed a stream of enthusiasm and admiration for Poe that was to have a profound influence upon the formation of French Symbolist poetry and an indirect effect upon Anglo-American poetry when, some sixty years later, poets, such as T. S. Eliot, were bent on acquiring the "Gallic mind."

Shortly before the publication in 1856, Baudelaire had written the critic Sainte-Beuve, "*It is necessary*, that is to say it is my wish, that *Edgar Poe*, who is nothing in America, should become a great man for France." The fact that his wish has been fulfilled is due largely to the astonishing amount of time and labour he devoted to his translations of Poe, their consequent excellence and to the dominant influence which Baudelaire has exerted upon succeeding poetry both through his theory and poetic achievement.

Baudelaire spent seventeen years of his comparatively short life upon this labour of love. As a result nearly all of Poe's prose works appeared in French translations which critics such as Pater and Eliot have considered superior to the English originals. And although many have tried, none have surpassed Baudelaire's work. It stands as one of the most perfect examples of literary translation. He attempted only one poem, "The Raven," and returned to the prose as he considered Poe's poetry untranslatable. A few years later, however, even many of the poems were to become accessible through Mallarmé's excellent prose rendition.

The influence of these translations was considerable. After the publication of *Histoires extraordinaires*, Poe was looked upon not merely as a teller of popular tales but as a literary stylist, an aesthetic theorist and even as a philosopher. In the eyes of France, he became America's most outstanding author and critic. He had been profoundly aware of sound and symbol as avenues of creative possibility which had to be explored. As a result, the French Symbolists, who were to explore them, found in his works a natural point of departure. Poe thus stands as one of the patron saints of Symbolism and consequently of the "new" poetry, and there is scarcely one major French poet since Baudelaire who has escaped the American's influence.

Naturally some of Baudelaire's own poetry shows this influence. The effect, however, is only accidental and in most respects Baudelaire must be acknowledged as the superior creative genius. For with or without the help of Poe, Baudelaire would still have been a consummate artist and a superb poet. He would still have been one of the titans of French literature, one of the most profound and original of modern

poets. But the fact is that he did draw from Poe, both consciously and unconsciously, through the natural process of absorption involved in translation.

Poe's emphasis on the melodic aspect of verse together with his theories on the subject, which he developed in "The Poetic Principle," contributed much toward Mallarmé's impossible ideal of pure poetry, the fulfilment of which would be tantamount to the annihilation of poetry. Largely through Mallarmé, this emphasis developed into that stream of contemporary melodism which perhaps has reached its peak in Eliot's "Four Quartets."

His essay "The Philosophy of Composition" was one of the major sources for Valéry's aesthetic of hyperconsciousness which consists in the contemplation of the creative act itself as a work of art. And it is even possible that the negative orientation of some of his works helped stimulate Rimbaud, Corbière and Laforgue with the taste for the negative aspect of reality.

Today, however, it is almost impossible to isolate concrete instances of Poe's influence upon French and English verse. Over the years the original borrowings have been so modified and personalised that they are almost indistinguishable from individual creativity. It is enough simply to admit that certain elements drawn from Poe were transmitted through the Symbolists to present-day poets and that, although no longer perceivable with any degree of clarity or distinctness, they are still operative beneath the surface.

Although much is to be gained in tracing aspects of the poetry of Supervielle, Emmanuel, Eluard and other contemporary French poets to the works and theories of Poe, for the present it will be sufficient to note that there is evidence of some technical and thematic debt. For in general Poe is no longer consciously approached as a source of inspiration. Rather he has taken his place as a hidden spring among the incalculable number of sources upon which the roots of modern French poetry feed. It is a very fitting and sufficient tribute to say that Poe has entered into the life-blood of modern literature, that our own poets have developed and succeeding generations will develop characteristics which will ultimately stem back to Poe.

In short, Poe was really America's first significant contribution to the European stream of literature. No American author until his time had been given much attention and none after him has had such a decided effect, although frequently indirect, upon the development of contemporary poetry. Even Whitman's contributions to the growth of *vers libre*, through the interest and translations of Jules Laforgue and Léon Bazalgette, seems slight in comparison.

In England and America Poe has scarcely been the productive influence he has been in France. As T. S. Eliot has pointed out in his

essay *From Poe to Valéry*, Edward Lear is perhaps the only poet to whom we can point as having been stylistically formed by the study of Poe. On the level of the detective story and of science fiction his works have been a bit more influential. Arthur Conan Doyle and H. G. Wells certainly owe much to him and, in our own day, Rex Stout the author of many "Grim Fairy Tales" maintains that Poe "set the pattern" for the trade.¹

Today the balance of Anglo-American critical assessment seems to favour the opinion that Poe is scarcely a great creative figure in world literature, that he is, in fact, not even the finest America has to offer. But Poe's place in literature is quite secure. He has created a fiction that has entertained America for more than a hundred years and there is no indication that he will not continue to do so for the next hundred. Every schoolboy is familiar with his poems "To Helen" and "Eldorado," and as long as the mystery story continues to be read and tales of horror and suspense are in vogue, Poe will continue to be read.

Poe is a living author. He has stood the test of time in spite of much devastating, and often justified, criticism, and he is still the most widely read and known of any literary figure who appeared in America from the Revolutionary to the Civil War. Even though the value of Poe's works has been questioned, the value of his influence remains an unquestionable fact. And if popular enthusiasm in his native country would have proved insufficient to assure him lasting interest and recognition, the admiration of France has removed this insufficiency. France has raised him to a creative level beyond that of mere enjoyment, has proven his worth and has thus ensured his literary immortality.

FRANCIS F. BURCH

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

THE BIG FIGURES in music are such by reason of a pervading quality of greatness, and not by a few achievements that stand out from the rest of their output. Isolated achievements can reach a greatness equal to the finest music, but they do not necessarily put the composer in the very first rank. Such a composer is Vivaldi, whose music I have often praised in these pages in the very highest terms, but whose enormous general output is unequal in merit. That closer and a more detailed knowledge of his work will put up his reputation a notch or two I have no doubt, particularly if many more works of the calibre of his *Gloria* come to be disseminated by means of the

¹ *Saturday Review of Literature*, 2 April, 1949.

gramophone. At what stage in Vivaldi's life this was written it is not possible to say, but as he was born ten years earlier than Bach it is quite likely that it pre-dates the B minor Mass, a work that I mention because of striking similarities in invention and harmony. It would be most interesting to know if Bach was acquainted with it, as he was with many of Vivaldi's purely instrumental works, and if so, to what extent the *Crucifixus* in Bach's Mass was indebted to it. Whether or not these similarities are fortuitous, certain it is that the *Gloria* is a little masterpiece, and I have no hesitation in giving pride of place to it in these notes. It is sung and played with verve and understanding by a French group of musicians, and is on Decca DTZ 93080. Also on a L'Oiseau Lyre record (50124) is to be found a fine selection of Vivaldi's Concertos (G minor for violin and orchestra, B flat for violin, 'cello and orchestra, C minor for 'cello and orchestra, G major for two violins, two 'cellos and orchestra, conducted by Louis de Froment). Some superlative Bach playing is found on two records (DTL 93073/4) containing the four orchestral Suites (Pro Arte Orchestra, Munich, conducted by Kurt Redel). I cannot commend so highly the C major two-harpsichord concerto (taken, on LXT 5203, from the Ansbach Bach Festival) because of the lack of tonal balance between the orchestra and the harpsichords. This balance is much better in the solo harpsichord concertos in F and D minor, beautifully played by Rolf Reinhart and the Munich Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra, although I could have wished in the slow movement of the F minor less explosive and hard *pizzicati* (DTL 93097).

The complete recordings of Couperin's harpsichord music has been carried a step further by the issue (OL 50108) of the Suites played by Ruggiero Gerlin. These are not among the most compelling of Couperin's keyboard works—his muse does not seem to work so comfortably in set dance forms—and the playing is too wayward for my liking, but it is a worth-while recording. Another side of Couperin's genius is manifest in the beautiful *Trois Leçons de Ténèbres* and the *Motet de Sainte Suzanne* (DTL 93077) but I find his vocal music less personal than his keyboard music.

The Mozart bi-centenary has yielded a number of recordings. Historically the most interesting is the set of eleven early symphonies, conducted by Pierre Colombo on OL 50118/9 and OL 53008, but artistically I give first place to Friedrich Gulda's playing of the *Coronation Concerto* (conducted by Anthony Collins on LXT 5138). This is wonderfully subtle playing of the same order as that of Robert Casadesus, whose playing at Edinburgh this year was breathtaking in its poise and beauty. More finished orchestral playing is found in the B flat Concerto, played by Backhaus and the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra under Böhm (LXT 5123), but the soloist is not a Mozartian,

as comes out most forcibly in his renderings of two Sonatas, the C minor (long) Fantasia and the A minor Rondo (LXT 5167). This is terribly dull, straight-jacketed playing, which belongs perhaps to an earlier and less authentic conception of Mozart. The Divertimento in B flat (K 287) for two violins, viola, double-bass and two horns, played by the members of the Vienna Octet, is delicious (LXT 5112): but the wind serenade in B flat for instruments, conducted by Ansermet on LXT 5121, suffers, to ears unused to continental woodwind, from lack of tonal fusion. Nor is intonation impeccable. Mozart's contemporary, the prolific Boccherini, is represented by some trios and quartets played by the Carminelli Quartet (LXT 5200). Beautiful little works, sensitively played.

As we are pursuing a chronological order, the next composer to discuss is Mendelssohn. His two piano Concertos, in G and D minor, are by no means his best-known works. Why this should be I do not know, for they are fine to play and splendidly combine romantic fervour with Mozartian grace. These qualities are forcefully brought out by Peter Katin's playing (London Symphony Orchestra under Anthony Collins: LXT 5201), and I can heartily recommend this record.

Ernest Newman once said that any fool could think of a good initial musical idea. Allowing for the obvious exaggeration, there is a good deal of truth in this, and it has been brought home to me by the issue on one record (LXT 5142) of three of Liszt's tone-poems, *Hamlet*, *Prometheus* and *Mazeppa*, conducted by Karl Munchinger. What splendid openings, particularly in *Hamlet*, leading the mind to expect wholly new and exciting tonal horizons to open out. But, alas! the poetry fades and bombast too soon takes its place. If Liszt had had the discipline really to make full use of his extraordinarily striking ideas, what a composer he would have been!

The works remaining to be discussed all belong to this century. The most striking is Hindemith's ballet-music *Nobilissima Visione*, played by the Hamburg Philharmonic Orchestra (LGX 66066). It is bracing, masculine music, utterly professional and assured. The reverse side contains the same composer's *Symphonic Metamorphoses of Themes of Weber*: by comparison this is blatant, short-winded and commonplace. Stravinsky's powerful *Oedipus Rex* receives a fine performance under Ansermet (LXT 5098), who also conducts the same composer's *Apollo Musagetes* and *Renard* on LXT 5169. The composer here, great conjurer that he is, successfully disappears, hardly leaving a trace. French music is represented by virile yet poetic performances of Debussy's second book of Preludes by Friedrich Gulda (LXT 5117) and of the *Children's Corner* and *Estampes* by Albert Ferber (EL 93078), and English music by Vaughan Williams, Bliss and Britten. The first's

early *On Wenlock Edge* is sung (forgive the pun!) with somewhat edgy tone by George Maran, accompanied by the London String Quartet and Ivor Newton (LW 5233), and one of the composer's latest works, the violin Sonata, is played finely by Frederick Grinke and Michael Mullinar (LXT 5143). This work grows on acquaintance. Bliss also is represented by early and late work: the *Colour Symphony* (coupled with the Introduction and Allegro, LXT 5170) is flamboyant and not at all representative, and I could have wished for more music like the beautiful fugal opening to the last movement (which is all too quickly given up), whereas the violin concerto, played by Campoli and conducted by the composer (LXT 5166) shows a fully integrated viewpoint. Britten's *Sea Interludes* from *Peter Grimes*, conducted by van Beinum on LW 5244, and the English Opera Group's performance, under the composer of *The Little Sweep*, from *Let's make an Opera* (LXT 5163) are both authoritative and idiomatic. Mention should here be made of an Anthology of Twentieth Century English Songs sung by Peter Pears and accompanied by Benjamin Britten (LW 5241). The choice of songs is idiosyncratic, but the record is well worth having for Holst's lovely *Persephone*, one of the Humbert Wolfe settings.

A major disappointment to me has been the recording of Nielsen's fourth quartet (in F major) played by the Koppel quartet (LXT 5092). I suppose the interpretation (the quartet is a Danish body of players) is authoritative, but what comes over is peculiarly undistinguished, rhythmically stagnant and texturally uninteresting.

EDMUND RUBBRA

REVIEWS

OUT OF THE SWING OF THE SEA

In a Great Tradition, a Tribute to Dame Laurentia McLachlan, by the Benedictines of Stanbrook (John Murray, 25s).

THOSE who, like the present writer, knew Lady Laurentia only in the later years of her life will hasten to read this pleasantly written account of her life and of the abbey whose destinies she controlled for some twenty years. The work comes mostly from one pen, though it does not need the exercise of the Higher Criticism to see that the assertion of corporate productivity is justified. The book-jacket bears certain affinities of design with the vestments of Stanbrook; the historical note on Benedictine contemplation bears a resemblance to other works in this field that have come out of Stanbrook, while the gaiety of tone in the body of the narrative and certain artifices of the narrator seem to point to a single hand at work there. The whole

effect is to give a worthy and lifelike portrait of the great abbess who seemed to have, not only by her Scottish and Irish ancestry but much more in her outlook on life, the spirit of those famous Northumbrian monks, Bede and Cuthbert and Benet Biscop.

Writing to this reviewer some years ago Lady Laurentia said: "I came to school here at Stanbrook (to finish!) very unwillingly and with a savage dislike for nuns, on September 6, 1881, and I was professed on the same date four years later. Thus does God 'compel our rebellious wills' as the Collect says." In the course of time she grew into a character compact of common sense and sanctified venturesomeness that would be hard to match in any part of the Church in the past century. Her healthy dislike of extremes kept her from passing extravagances of the day in the music and art of the Church, as well as in the spiritual life. On another occasion she wrote: "You will find a change in the sanctuary (of the abbey-church) when you come, for we have had it undecorated, and it is now all white and shining." When relating the quaint story of Dame Melchiora, one of the daughters of a seventeenth-century Duke of Argyll, who practically forced her way into the community of nuns when they were at Cambrai, only to withdraw some years later to join her two sisters who were nuns elsewhere, she commented drily: "I wonder whether her sisters were Gaspara and Balthasara." Yet with all this she was as ready as any Athenian to be talking about some new thing, though her great practicality made her slow to take up novelties for their own sake.

For fifty years, as her biographer points out, she was "the final authority in the practical field of plainsong in England," and that period was one in which English Catholic opinion led English-speaking Catholics in the five continents. Thousands who have been brought up on her *Plainsong for Schools* will never know of their benefactress, but it is some comfort to know that at least a portion of them are now reading this biography. The restoration of Gregorian chant is a strange, haphazard tale of advances and retreats, of a German archbishop forbidding what the Pope had just commanded, of Roman Congregations blowing hot and cold, of Dom Mocquereau being attacked from both sides and exclaiming: "It is impossible for us to be at the same time *sub schino* and *sub prino*." One of the principal handicaps was the lack of liaison between the students of Western and of Byzantine music. Had the advances which have been made in Byzantine music in the past twenty years come some fifty years ago, there would have been a different story to tell.

But the life of Stanbrook is not lived entirely in the abbey-church. There were readings from the Patrology of Migne to be undertaken and learned discussions with Edmund Bishop in the parlour, or at a later stage, with Sydney Cockerell and Bernard Shaw. Bishop was

once vanquished by Dame Laurentia who, on a doubtful point, was able to point out that the chant in the document in question was undoubtedly that of Corbie, while Bishop, whose liturgical studies were in the condition of those times carried on in two dimensions, without the third dimension of sound, was anxious to prove that the script must be that of Fleury. What is surprising, and perhaps disheartening to believers in Education, is to read in this biography how haphazard and desultory was her schooling which lay at the base of all this learning and research. In this she resembled the late Fr. Steuart, who used to admit that he learned nothing at school but had a glorious time. In some ways they were kindred spirits, and one of his remarks was much treasured by Dame Laurentia. Speaking of those who are over-ambitious for the religious life he said: "They think they are going to be Little Flowers, and they turn out to be little weeds."

The daughter-abbess of Stanbrook in Brazil and the Argentine, and perhaps some day a foundation in Scandinavia, along with the numerous friends of Stanbrook in the mission-fields, will see to it that the influence and example of Dame Laurentia are not lost upon the Church. Thus the ancestral Catholicism of the Braes of Glenlivet will prove once more to have enriched the life of the Church under the providence of God, the working of which makes such a fascinating study in this satisfying biography.

J. H. CREHAN

ENGLISH PAINTERS

Modern English Painters: Lewis to Moore, by Sir John Rothenstein (Eyre and Spottiswoode 35s).

IN HIS NEW BOOK the Director of the Tate Gallery continues the studies of painters which he began in the 1952 volume with the same title but sub-titled *Sickert to Smith*. His present selection of sixteen painters is made from the younger men who were born before 1900. The effect is that, as active forces in English painting, they are spaced through the period from the years immediately before the first war until today. I say they are spaced because not the least interesting aspect of an interesting book is the picture it gives us of the changes in critical and popular evaluations.

It is now difficult for the young to realise that Mr. Duncan Grant dominated the 'twenties as Mr. Henry Moore dominates today; that C. R. W. Nevinson, although never accepted by most critics, was then "news" to the public; that Mr. David Jones and Mr. L. S. Lowry were then already painting but in relative obscurity. On the other hand, we find that the reputations of some painters—Paul Nash,

Wadsworth or Ben Nicholson, for example—have been maintained throughout most of the period and show no present sign of marked decline.

The oldest of the painters included, Mr. Wyndham Lewis, was most conspicuous before 1914 but has again made his impact in recent years. He was not forgotten in the interval but he remained isolated and unpopular. Again we observe how Mr. William Roberts established his manner and subject soon after the first war and has not developed since, so that he seems permanently dated and is often unjustly overlooked, while Mr. Stanley Spencer who has also, on the whole, followed a consistent line with only relative changes of manner, is still a vital and controversial figure.

Of course Sir John knows all this and he takes account of it. But what is perhaps most pleasing in his book is his sympathetic reconsideration of those whose reputations have faded; and his independent criticism of those who currently receive a greater admiration than he is prepared to give. In praising this tolerant and historical approach, I am as far from agreeing with him in all cases as I am with the changes of reputations in all cases, but that does not matter. One of his best passages is in the study of Ben Nicholson where he discusses the value of abstract art. He quotes me to disagree with me: I wish I had the space here to return the compliment. I recognise that he argues his case excellently and without prejudice but I still think he is wrong.

But Sir John is not directly concerned in these books with aesthetic theory nor with giving an overall account of the period he has covered. These things are incidental but in a short review it is not possible to discuss the individual studies. Obviously they are of unequal value. Sir John is an autobiographical critic: his judgments are personal and he records them with disarming honesty. He does not set up to be a dogmatic adjudicator. That is a great relief. It is what makes the book so much more readable than criticism based on a rigid and systematised theory of aesthetics. On the other hand, as a Catholic, he judges from a position of established values outside aesthetics which is an immense advantage. It compels him to escape the common heresy of treating art as an isolated activity. His whole treatment, indeed, is enormously refreshing because it reintegrates the elements which modern specialisation has divorced. He uses biography and autobiography, art-history, criticism, theory and documentation—indeed, whatever means he likes—to get at the characters of his painters and of their works. The result is a rare humanism set in a pattern of even rarer superhuman values.

ANTHONY BERTRAM

CHRISTIANITY AND SCIENCE

Christian Theology and Natural Science, by E. L. Mascall (Longmans 25s).

ONE TENDS to approach another book on science and religion with some apprehension. Too often such books have been written either by modernists with a mission to bring Christianity into line with the intellectual fashion of the moment, or by Christian apologists for whom science is the handmaid of apologetics and must be coaxed or forced into providing support for religion and discrediting the atheists. Dr. Mascall's book steers a successful course between these two extremes, and should be genuinely helpful to Christians and scientists alike. The author recognises that scientific theories are always to some extent provisional and liable to modification: hence it is dangerous to pin one's faith on any particular theory as a proof or justification of religious truth. On the other hand, theological doctrines are also subject to development in their own way; hence a scientific theory cannot automatically be dismissed because it seems to conflict with some traditional theological position.

Dr. Mascall therefore does not attempt, in general, to prove or disprove anything. He surveys a number of current theories in physics and biology (psychology lies outside the scope of the book), and examines their relevance to the Christian view of the world. For instance, he gives a lucid summary of the evidence which has led the majority of modern cosmologists to conclude that the universe had a definite origin in time a few thousand million years ago, showing that this theory, if true, fits in well with the Christian doctrine of creation. At the same time he makes it clear that the essential philosophical notion of creation is independent of scientific evidence and would be equally valid even if the world had had no beginning. The apparent conformity between the two viewpoints is interesting and welcome, but we must not attach too much weight to it. The Christian should seek to integrate his science and his theology into a consistent whole, but should be very cautious about trying to solve the problems of the one by the methods of the other. In a similar vein the author considers a number of other topics, of which the most important are the theory of evolution, the principle of Indeterminacy in quantum mechanics, and some contemporary philosophical discussions on the truth and objectivity of scientific theories in general.

On one point Catholic theologians will consider that Dr. Mascall goes too far. He criticises Pope Pius XII for insisting, in the encyclical *Humani Generis*, on the descent of the whole human race from a single pair, and he maintains that this is a purely scientific question on which the theologian should not pronounce. This is an unduly cavalier way of dismissing the constant tradition of the Church concerning Original

Sin, based as it is on what would seem to be the clear teaching of St. Paul. No doubt if any strong scientific evidence in favour of polygenism were to emerge, the theologians would have to reconsider the position, but *prima facie* it would certainly seem to be a question on which the Church is competent to speak. Apart, however, from this one point the book can be unreservedly recommended as a reliable and well-balanced discussion of the various fields in which current physical and biological theories may have repercussions upon Christian beliefs.

JOHN L. RUSSELL

PORTUGUESE SUNLIGHT

This Delicious Land Portugal, by Marie Noële Kelly (Hutchinson 25s).

WE FELT that Lady Kelly had found in "delicious" exactly the right adjective for Portugal, when to our annoyance we saw that it had been used by Byron, and, in fact, in *Don Juan*. Anyhow, without Byron's help, Lady Kelly, as always, would have found the right word. She provides a sufficient and living view of Portugal's history and pays the noblest tribute we have read to that wise, indomitable mystic, Henry the Navigator. Happily she has the gift of *enjoying* so much that is usually mere guide-book-catalogue stuff! She can devote a chapter to fish, another to food in general—she describes the cabbage-soup (*caldo verde*) which at long last revealed to me the reason for the existence of cabbages; she can enter into the minds of the students at Coimbra, and also guess (as perhaps no one else has) the essence of the *fados* song-dances.

It has often been asked if there is anyone, whatever his views, who does not feel a real nostalgia for Portugal once he has been there. And such is Lady Kelly's magic that she has made me nostalgic for regions I never visited—the Algarve, looking towards Morocco, the northern Minho. She has to tell us that her last chapter, about Dr. Salazar, is not meant to be a panegyric though it may sound like one. There are mists and rains even in Portugal. Not all *azulejos* are lovely; there still is ignorance among the peasantry; there is still malice among those few who regret past opportunities for unscrupulous profiteering, but the "despondent and bewildered" people of 1926 now display a "pervading sense of freshness, regained vitality, and national pride." The work is unfinished, for durability cannot be promised to any human enterprise: "I have seen a limit set to all perfection" (Psalm 118:96). So may God continue to assist this genial and robust people and protect it from rich and ignorant tourists; and may this light-hearted book, with the exquisite photographs taken in the crystalline Portuguese sunlight by Lady Kelly herself, be the introduction for all who are willing to visit this "delicious" country with humility and respect.

C. C. MARTINDALE

THE MIND OF POPE PIUS XII

The Mind of Pius XII: Extracts from Papal documents, edited by Robert C. Pollock (Foulsham 18s).

THIS is a book of extracts, in the main short extracts, from the many and highly varied documents of the present Pope. The author has two principles of selection: in the first place, the Holy Father's insistence that human life must be understood in terms of man's spiritual destiny and that spiritual principles are the only true and secure basis of society and human relationship; the second, the width of interest and the comprehensive mind of the Pope. *Nil humani a me alienum puto*—this might have been taken as a sub-title for the collection. It is astonishing on what widely differing topics the Pope has spoken and with a familiarity and knowledge that are truly remarkable. Among the chapter headings of this book under which the passages are listed we find: Science, Technology, Medicine, Psychotherapy and Modern Education. As we would expect, other titles deal with social, political and international questions.

There is no doubt that Pius XII has made a great personal impression throughout the world during his long and troubled years of Pontificate. His has been a voice of peace in a war-torn age: of sanity and balance amid so much fanaticism and excess; of care for the dignity and liberties of man against monstrous totalitarian claims. While he has emphasised the evils of our times, there has been a ring of confidence in his tones. He has commended greatness and courage as well as censured evil; and he has warmly welcomed and praised the achievements of modern science while he has reminded men of the dangers which attend on them. His interest in international peace and harmony is evidenced in many of his addresses since the famous Christmas allocution of 1939.

Mr. Pollock's extracts range across a very extensive field, but I miss two general subjects: the first, the Holy Father's appeal for co-operation between Catholics and "men of good will" who share some at least of the principles of Catholics and have a respect for spiritual values: the second, his interest in the East and Eastern churches. Incidentally, the book is admirably indexed.

I must confess to one difficulty. American versions of Papal documents seem to me to read more literally and ponderously than those made in Britain. This is a problem of translation to which there is no facile answer. Reverence for the Papal author and his text makes a translator anxious to keep as close as possible to the original Latin or Italian. But the consequence is a heaviness of style which, I fear, is only too obvious in these selections.

JOHN MURRAY

SHORTER NOTICES

God Protect me from my Friends, by Gavin Maxwell (Longmans 18s).

THIS IS AN ACCOUNT of the Sicilian outlaw, Giuliano Salvatore (November, 1922–July, 1950), whose name grew to be portentous in Europe and America alike. Mr. Maxwell wisely prefaces his story by summarising in two chapters the tumultuous story of Sicily—its fusion of races; its subjection to one tyranny after another; the black record of the Mafia (said to be now rejuvenated); the chaos and corruption due to the intrusion of German, British and terribly over-paid American soldiery; and the dismay when the war shifted to Italy and left every hope of “liberation” unfulfilled. Yet if (one might think!) Vesuvius sends its fire coursing through the Neapolitan veins, so Etna seems to turn Sicilian blood, at times, into white-hot lava. The people have not been tamed. Giuliano was born at Montelepre, somewhat south-west of Palermo. At fifteen, he was, say they, *molto sincero, molto religioso, serio, gentilissimo*. A true Sicilian, he felt his family as one flesh, one soul; he adored his mother (when he was killed, she kept crying out, “My blood! my blood!” and went to lick the earth soaked in blood which, alas, was not his). He was gentleness itself with children. He fervently believed in the “Separatists”: Sicily, if not absolutely independent, should be one of the United States of Europe, or even a protectorate of England or/and America, or even a new member of the U.S.A. So naïve was this untutored politician! He was fiercely anti-Communist. In a world disgusting for its lies, treacheries, bribery of officials, he believed passionately in Justice (which had nothing to do with the Law: the Law was the Enemy—the Englishman was content to think it just an Ass). On 2 September 1943 he was “smuggling” some grain to his starving town when he was shot at by two *carabinieri* and two others. He shot back and killed a *carabiniere*. The desperately wounded lad was now an outlaw. He collected a troop which, though containing men less idealist than he, had nothing at all resembling Chicago gangsters. His rule over them was absolute and austere. He saw himself as engaged in a war of liberation. If he kidnapped, and exacted vast sums from the rich, he spent them never on himself or his men. If he killed, he said, “I kill you in the name of God and Sicily,” and insisted on his victims spending time in prayer. An American journalist said, “He was a nice guy, a sincere guy,” and ruined this by vulgarly adding, “He just had one thing wrong with him: he rather liked killing people.” Inevitably, he was killed. When exactly? where? by whom? Certainly not in the place where his body was exhibited in a pool of blood not his own. Mr. Maxwell thinks he may guess the killer, or the hidden man who gave the order, and we

may have our own surmise. Giuliano's "blood-brother" and well-loved "lieutenant" said, in prison, that *he* had done it and been forced to do it. We doubt this, though his face is handsome but weak: he boasted of "documents" and his own autobiography; anyhow, he was poisoned in prison by strychnine in his medicine: no documents were found. The rest of Giuliano's band were destroyed in various ways, and the many contradictory accounts of his stage-managed end carry no conviction. Giuliano's photo shows his adolescence and great beauty passed: he is unhappy and puzzled, rather like a youth in retreat about to make the wrong "election." I could have got on well with him to the end; had he survived ten more years he would have become a brute.

Empire of Fear, by Vladimir and Evdokia Petrov (Andre Deutsch 18s).

"THE MOST terrible thing about life in the Soviet Union," writes Vladimir Petrov, "... is not the material hardship, but the insecurity of life under a system which destroys faith between man and man." Like the overwhelming majority of those who grew up under the Bolshevik régime, the Petrovs learned to accept the prevailing atmosphere of terror as one of the inevitable concomitants of existence, and it was only after they had experienced the reality of life in a free society that they were able to see things in true perspective. The general picture they give of life under Stalin is all the more convincing in that before choosing freedom neither of them could be described as disillusioned. At least they were no more disillusioned than the ordinary run of Party functionaries and State employees they describe. They fled, not in protest against the régime, but to save their lives. As Vladimir Petrov admits, "It was 'any port in a storm.'" They had been framed as members of a pro-Beria faction by personal enemies on the Embassy staff at Canberra and would have faced almost certain death had they returned to Moscow. Had their escape been delayed until after the recent twentieth Party Congress they would no doubt have been denounced as protagonists of the personality cult.

The reliability of what the Petrovs have to say is considerably enhanced by the expression of confidence in them as "witnesses of truth" on the part of the three judges appointed as Commissioners of the Australian Royal Commission on Espionage. A considerable part of the material of their book had previously been given under oath in the court-room and tested by cross-examination.

Though this book is by no means great literature, it is impossible to lay it down without feelings akin to despair at the seeming impossibility of having its message conveyed to the ordinary citizen. When this country was empire-conscious, every classroom wall was mobilised to advertise our imperial heritage, but there is no comparable initiative

to make tomorrow's citizens conscious of the extent to which the empire of fear is encroaching on what remains of the free world. Nor, to the best of the reviewer's knowledge, has anything been done towards dramatising the Petrov story on cinema or television screen. To do so would certainly be a worthwhile undertaking. The story they tell is exciting enough in its present form. It would make a wonderful subject for the cinema.

Cell 2455 Death Row, by Caryl Chessman (Longmans 16s).

IF THE ESCAPADES which led Caryl Chessman to *Cell 2455*, Death Row, San Quentin, are in any way indicative of the pastime of America's juvenile delinquents, then, by comparison, Britain is an exceptionally law-abiding country (Rock 'n' Roll notwithstanding) and the Teddy Boys models of Victorian respectability.

Under sentence of death by the gas chamber since 1948, Chessman is, not surprisingly, anxious to convince society of the futility of trying to suppress vice by means of the death penalty. This is, of course, not difficult, and since he can write as well as he can shoot he has no doubt been able to soften many a reader's heart. Other readers will acclaim *Cell 2455* as one of the most convincing arguments for capital punishment that has yet appeared. While agreeing with the author that the death penalty (and particularly the hideous Californian gas chamber) is not to be commended as a recipe for radiant social health, they will argue that, given "psychopathic hoodlums" (Chessman's description of himself) so viciously anti-social, there is no alternative means of maintaining some semblance of law and order. And in the short run this is no doubt true.

The real tragedy of *Cell 2455* is the tragedy of a society unable to canalise the boundless energy and considerable talent of one so potentially dynamic and no doubt lovable as the author. In effect, Chessman's life represents the *reductio ad absurdum* of the non-Marxist materialism of contemporary America. Even if Chessman is guilty of murder, he has as much right to live as the hypocrites who denounce the excesses of adolescents yet deny the relevancy of the Ten Commandments and deprive children of their right to a truly Christian education.

Communism and Nationalism in the Middle East, by Walter Z. Laqueur (Routledge 32s).

THIS BOOK is a timely and valuable study. It was published before the Suez crisis, and if it had been made compulsory reading both in the State Department and in the Foreign Office, it is doubtful if Nasser would have been given time to consolidate his ill-gotten gains. The author does not discuss the Suez Canal except to mention that its

nationalisation has been demanded with monotonous consistency ever since the formation of the first Communist groups in Egypt. But in the light of the information he presents, it becomes obvious that the real issue confronting the West in Egypt today is not free navigation of the Canal, but the danger of the entire Middle East falling within the Soviet orbit.

The Apostle of Liberty: A Life of La Fayette, by Maurice de la Fuye and Emile Babeau, translated and introduced by Edward Hyams (Thames and Hudson, 21s).

THIS NEW LIFE and penetrating analysis of Gilbert de la Fayette, containing a great deal of hitherto unpublished material, presents a truer picture of that eccentric doctrinaire idealist than has appeared in previous biographies. By no means clever, far from being a military genius, and sometimes almost ridiculous, he was nevertheless a hero of both the French and American revolutions, who enjoyed the friendship and confidence of Washington.

The authors appear greatly to exaggerate the influence that Freemasonry exerted in eighteenth-century America, and on La Fayette himself, and a glance at the bibliography reveals that some rather uncritical Masonic sources have been consulted. And it is not true that Frederick the Great was president of the "Scottish Rite," though this is a common Masonic error.

Nevertheless this biography is well documented, excellently translated and makes extremely interesting reading.

A Book of Australian Verse, selected with an introduction by Judith Wright (Oxford University Press 15s).

TODAY, the man who takes up archery with a view to protecting and feeding himself and his family in the problematical future shows political foresight. Similarly, in poetry, in order to act creatively it is necessary to live in the future by returning to the basic past. Only the fundamental human emotions, expressed with the utmost purity, have any meaning: the age of pastiche and experiment is passed.

This anthology reveals men and women at grips with this situation. It is therefore a more important and refreshing book than many a European counterpart. Despite many failures, the general impression is one of personal and poetic sincerity. In most of these poets there is a courageous clarity, purpose, and passion. In a few, there is the ideal combination of "passion, pathos, and grace": two women, Mary Gilmore and Elizabeth Riddell, fall immediately within this exclusive category.

This book marks the sturdy but uncertain growth of a poetic culture,

rooted in the tradition of English poetry and yet, already, specifically—not superficially—"Australian." To those whose blood is free from drugs it will come as something of a revelation.

Soeur Angèle and the Embarrassed Ladies, by Henry Catalan (Sheed and Ward 8s 6d).

THE DETECTIVE-NOVEL is rightly regarded as the lowest form of fiction, but such writers as Simenon and G. K. Chesterton have proved over and over again that its sordid data may be used to serve a higher purpose, whether of art or ethics. Many of us wish that Fr. Brown had minded his own business; but once he is accepted, we must accept *Soeur Angèle* without embarrassment. Certainly M. Catalan is an artist in the genre; the speed and intricacy of the action are matched only by the delightful transitions from wit to pathos, and much that in other hands would have been in rank taste is redeemed here by moments of profound insight worthy of some greater novel. It is at least highly readable, and the Gallic flavour of this story of a murdered Don Juan's love-letters is offset by a sense of values that preserves it from offence. But personally we regard *Soeur Angèle* as a figure from a fairy-tale rather than from a nunnery. With all her charm and intellect she is as unconsciously priggish as any heroine out of Grimm or Andersen.

Co-Responsibility in Industry: Social Justice in Labour-Management Relations, by Jeremiah Newman (Gill 13s 6d).

POPE PIUS XII has insisted that there is no right in strict justice to workers' share in the control of industry, and he has condemned any system by which trade unions arrogate to themselves rights which belong to private property owners. How far this is from being the full content of the Church's mind on the subject of industrial relations, is shown clearly in Dr. Newman's admirable little book. The Church lays upon the management of industry the responsibility of seeing to it that workmen can live full, i.e., responsible, lives. They can hardly do this if they are not consulted about the conditions of their work; and Dr. Newman shows that on occasion the need for consultation may demand satisfaction in social justice. Great as the difficulties are, there has now been enough experimentation to provide a firm foundation for future progress. While he stresses the dangers and difficulties of legislation for compulsory joint consultation, Dr. Newman shows that there may well be more dangers in waiting on reluctant employers to move.

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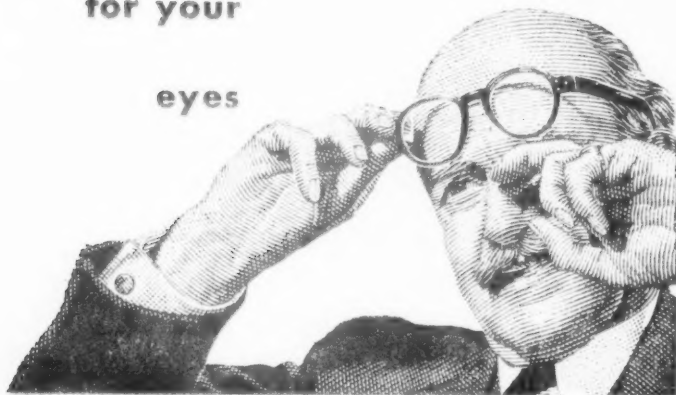
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